For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords, &c.

Rich. The wearie ſunne hath made a golden ſeate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is ſir William Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keep his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goeſt:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doeſt thou know?

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd, I haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull ſcrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me ſome inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile draw the forme, and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength,
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold:

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesbie, &c.

Kin. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is ſixe of clocke, full ſupper time.

Kin. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome inke and paper,
What, is my beuer eaſier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readineſſe.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie centinell.

Norff. I go my Lord.

King. Stir

King. Stur with the Larke to m
Norff. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him b
Before ſun riſing, leaſt his ſonne
Into the blinde caue of eternall
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me
Saddle white Surrey for the fiel
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melan
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Su
Much about cockſhut time, frou
Went through the armie chear
King. So I am ſatisfied, giue m
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit
Nor cheare of mind that I was
Set it downe. Is inke and paper
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, l
Ratliffe about the mid of night
And helpe to arme me: leaue
Enter Darby to Richm
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſi
Rich. All comfort that the d
Be to thy perſon noble father
Tell me how fares our louing
Dar. I by attourney bleſſe th
Who praies continually for Ri
So much for that: the ſilent ho
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids
Prepare thy battell early in th
And put thy fortune to the ar
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortal
I as I may, that which I would